

POEMS
BY
JOHN BROOKE.

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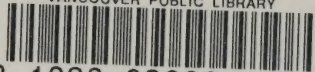
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POEMS.

BY

JOHN BROOKE.

DEDICATED

To my Country, Canada.



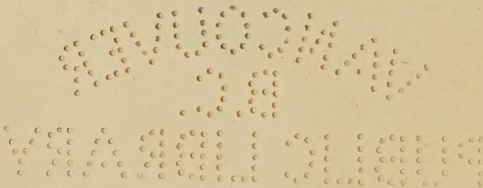
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PREFACE.

IN the composition of the poems in the following pages, the writer has endeavoured to convey to others the pleasant feelings derived from charitable impulses, hopefulness in sustaining them, faith in the Giver of all good, whose purposes alone can be carried out. Having been written more for recreation than with the intention of publishing them, the writer leaves them with his countrymen, who, he trusts, will charitably judge

THE AUTHOR.

Notices of the Press,

On my first Reading in aid of the Widows' Home, Brantford, Ontario.

"An intellectual treat—such it was. We refer to Mr. John Brooke's readings in the City Hall last night, which were listened to by quite a large audience. Mr. B., who has been for many years a resident of Brantford, undoubtedly deserved this flattering reception at the hands of the public, while the object, assisting the Widows' Home, was one worthy of every assistance and characteristic of Mr. B's charitable nature. The many tellingly excellent poems composed by himself, were rendered in a style that displayed, in every particular, ability of the most pronounced description. The humorous and the pathetic were handled by him in turns with the most marked effect, and the evening's entertainment was altogether highly enjoyable."

—Brantford, Ontario, *Evening Telegram*, 28th Dec., 1880.

Programme of my first Reading.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT

IN AID OF

THE WIDOWS' HOME.

MR. JOHN BROOKE,

For many years a resident of Brantford, will favour the citizens with a rendition of a few of his Select Poems (composed by himself),
on this

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27TH, 1880,

IN THE

CITY HALL.

ADMISSION, 15 cents. Reserved seats 25 cts. Children under 10 years, accompanied by their parents, Free.

PROGRAMME :

PART I.

Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	G. T. R. Band
To the Ladies	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Key to My Writings	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	G. T. R. Band.
Dog and Gun	-	-	-	-	-	-	
A True Hunter's Game	-	-	-	-	-	-	

PART II.

Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	G. T. R. Band
A Day's Woodcock Shooting	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	G. T. R. Band
The Boy's Secret	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Drowned Twins	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Old England	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	G. T. R. Band

I was one of seven hundred, patronizing the Brantford Glee Club Concert which came off on the 1st February, 1881, in Wyckliffe Hall, and was called upon by the audience to favour them, by reading one of my poems ; I complied with their request.

Notices of the Press on that occasion as follows:—

Glee Club Concert last night, *Brantford Evening Courier*, 2nd February, 1881 :

"Last but not least came Mr. John Brooke with a poem, 'The Boy's Secret.' We regret it was so short, as it was so thoroughly enjoyable."

Evening Telegram, 2nd of February, 1881.

"Mr. John Brook wound up the Evening's Entertainment with an Oration which fairly captured the House. The Glee Club have reason to feel satisfied with the result obtained last Evening."

Glee Club Concert, Brantford *Expositor*, 2nd February, 1881.

"Mr. John Brooke at the conclusion was called upon for one of his readings ; as usual, it had the effect of convulsing the audience.

The Glee Club have room for improvement in the management of Concerts."

Also the following :

" When Poet Brooke announced, Wednesday evening, at Wyckliffe Hall, that he intended leaving in a few days for New Brunswick, the applause was hearty ; when he added, ' Prince Edward Island,' it was deafening, and if he had said he was going away never to return, the audience would have gone into ecstacies."

This paper is opposed to a natural and national protection.

J. B.

Criticisms and Replies.

Note the using of my name
For the purpose of gain ;
Unnatural, dishonest to my country and me.
Debased are such minds. Ah ! how can this be ?

Brantford *Evening Telegram*, December 23th, 1880.

Mr. John Brooke and the Expositor.

EDITOR TELEGRAM.—In the *Expositor* of the 28th I find this article headed “Intellectual—An evening with a poet,” which treats of my readings on Monday evening, 27th inst :—

“ We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly ludicrous as the trashy twaddle, the incongruous mixture of nonsense and whitewash, that was given in the City Hall, Monday evening. The reciter told of love, and pictured the coy maiden as ‘ Then with her eyes, a beautiful blue, says Johnnie, my dear, I’ll marry you,’ and resurrected what we supposed were a pair of dead cats, but which he referred to as drowned twins, dragged from the bottom of a creek, ‘ cold and c-ullammy dead ;’ spoke of the ‘ stoical Indian,’ who with one brave stroke cut off so many rattles from a rattlesnake’s tail. Ever and anon as the inspiration seized upon him, his countenance, lighted by fitful changes, told of youthful passion, of hope, of despair, or gloom. With attitudes that would have done honour to Demosthenes did he betray the latent oratorical or theatrical genius that lies beneath that heart he, last evening, so mercilessly pounded. With a roar, as of a hunted beast, he told of his hunt on the Grand River, and wrought himself

up to a high pitch, from which he suddenly fell, and resumed his calmness as placid as a mud puddle. He rhymed 'gather' with 'other,' 'sun' with 'stream,' 'blade' with 'head,' 'suspect' with 'tact,' 'God' with 'cod,' and 'home' with 'alone,' and his attacks upon the poetic imagination of his audience were robbed of their power of doing material injury by the manner in which the audience received them. He led his hearers, by flights of fancy, *away from ethereal things, and with tragic attitude and sepulchral tone, placed them in a new sphere, until the hoarse guffaw of some ignorant person in the rear of the hall who was incapable of comprehending the situation broke the spell and brought the audience back to earth.* The rattlesnake and the setter pup were prolific themes for poems. While deeply lamenting the slight attendance, yet we cannot but congratulate those who remained at home, upon their thoughtfulness, because they were thus saved from the penalty imposed of listening to the olla podrida presented by our local poet last evening."

That *Expositor* individual animal has discovered in himself the venomous kind of serpent I am prepared to meet, and described by me in one of my poems read by me in the City Hall on the 27th, in aid of the Widows' Home. In my description of this snake, after killing a Massasauga rattlesnake, I said :—

"Not oft are they met with in the green wood, the wild,
It is a more suitable place for an innocent child ;
Though plenty, they are rarely to be found
Where natural beauties luxuriate round."

I have found them in the *Expositor* office, at editing of a kind,
And at their desk a counter behind,
The place of all others honest men would suspect,
For they attempt work out some victim with dishonourable tact.

Their poison is not deadly, or subtle their sting ;
When they approach you in disguise, "I am your
friend," they will sing ;

They would (if they could) suck out your blood, on
your vitals would gloat,
For faith, hope and charity is to them remote.

They attack you through friends, with kind words they
proceed,
And go to your foes to accomplish the deed ;
In the market, in the street, with a smile on their face,
With treachery and lies the truth they'll misplace.

With their fell purpose dire,
They dare the truth and call it liar,
Assume with their ambitions weak,
To dethrone our god and take his seat.

Such is this serpent to me known,
Which wrote that article of his own ;
His dastard's blade, unsheathed, is low,
'Tis disloyalty, traitorous, despised by friend and foe.

His treachery, held out in wild despair,
The snake is basking surely there,
And little thinks his venom gone,
When he speaks of home and it alone.

He is trusted as I would trust the assassin's blade,
A word from his lips is poisonous as soon as said,
His treacherous acts or giddy thoughts that guide,
The sting of conscience he ne'er can hide.

His face cannot glow and tongue repeat,
That heart will ache, only himself he'll cheat ;
The selfish ignorant mind
Is fatal only to a like animal kind.

He must learn, envious fool, that none does admire,
And pray God for brains to raise him higher ;
For poor indeed must be the brain
That sells truth and honour for paltry gain.

That snake was pictured in human form,
 No doubt he (there) did find the thorn,
 And winced beneath that chastening rod,
 Fearing man and cursing God.

His venom to the wise can do no harm,
 Or cause to me the least alarm ;
 Poor thoughtless, thankless thing,
 Trying to fly without a wing.

More faithful the pup, the dog,
 Than presumptuous impudence of a cod ;
 Laments for others so insinuating he does say,
 His congratulations to those that stayed away.

Assuming with ignorant conceit the snakish charm
 Of a venom that can do me no harm ;
 Then closes that article with a borrowed lore,
 To impress presumptions more and more.

JOHN BROOKE.

Acacia Cottage, Brantford,
 Dec. 31st, 1880.

J. Brooke's Reply.

The following is J. Brooke's reply to the *Expositor's* strictures which appear below :—

[From the *Expositor*, January 5th, 1881.]

OUR POET LAUREATE.

The Poet of Brantford to the Poet of Niagara, Greeting.

Long have I been searching for a suitable chum
 To be friend of my soul, dear brother Plumb,
 And hail in yourself, Niagara's Poet,
 My very *alter ego*, and you know it.
 But, to convince you fully of the fact,
 As I know you're a man of taste as well as tact,
 I dedicate to you my last effusion,
 Which I think you will find considerably amusing—

Aimed recently at the *Expositor* devil,
 And it had the effect of making him very civil.
 So, dear Brother Plumb, over this cast a look,
 And give me your opinion. Yours,

J. BROOKE.

[*Expositor*, January 5th, 1881.]

Plumb has been at it again. He made a speech in the House last night, and the Niagara Poet propounded the following sentiment in verse :—

“A merciful Providence fashioned us holler,
 That we might the more easily our principles swaller.”

Our Brantford Poet should have a seat in the House, and we would back him to go “one better” on Plumb. In fact, we believe Plumb stole the above from the rattlesnake “poem.”

How miserable must be the slave born to slavish tricks :
 A slave to all that's bad—a D—l without breeks ;
 That spirit controls a forger, murderer, a mother's darling child,
 Conceived in passion, not in love, fools only are beguiled.
 A sugar teat made out of bread 'twas not a sugar “Plumb,”
 Deceptions nursed when in the bud he ne'er has o'ercome ;
 And squirms with slimy conscience at the liberty he took
 And signed a name [beneath] his thus—J. Brooke.
 Better he be conceived again in honor and in truth
 Than be a slave of passion, inherited in youth ;
 Or instruct his mother with his slimy tongue
 How and when he was conceived, and exactly how 'twas *done*.
 As attempt to poison Canada—Britain's favoured child,—
 For England's Queen is our mother, and we will ne'er be beguiled.
 Canadians own this Canada ! Try injure not her fame ;
 In future try be loyal, and sign not J. Brooke's name.

J. BROOKE.

ACACIA COTTAGE,
 BRANTFORD, January 6th, 1881.

Daily Courier, 7th January, 1881.

Brantford *Evening Telegram*, 25th March, 1881.

OUR BARD ABROAD.

POET BROOKE HONOURED BY NEW BRUNSWICKERS—THEY PRESENT HIM WITH A HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS.—HE IS LIKENED UNTO ROBBIE BURNS—"WE APPRECIATE GENIUS."—ONE OF THE DOZENS OF ADDRESSES RECEIVED ON HIS LATE "TRIP TO NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND (PERHAPS) PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND."

Mr. John Brooke, Brantford's famous poet, has returned home from an extended trip to the eastern provinces. The following is one of the dozens of addresses presented him by leading citizens everywhere. It is certainly very complimentary, and speaks volumes for the New Brunswickers, who evidently appreciate genius as it ought to be appreciated. And now, oh, Expositor, stand back! Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. Illiterate beings "we" squelch you! Honoured by the best "we" snap our finger at the critic's taunts. But now for the address:

To Mr. Brooke:—

HONOURED SIR,—Fame with eagle pinions has spread abroad, even to this somewhat remote and obscure region, the story of your rare ability as a poet and orator, whose nativity, as time ripens your already brilliant powers, will doubtless become one of the proudest boasts of our Dominion.

In extent of territory, in grandeur of scenery, and elements of wealth, our Dominion is second to few of the great nations of the earth.

But it was not to be looked for in a comparatively new country sparsely peopled, and whose accumulated wealth was but small, and

when, consequently, comparatively few of its population have been able to devote themselves to the pursuits of art and literature. It was not to be looked for, we say that among a young people like us that a poet should have had his birth ; whose heaven-given power of melody will emblazon his name the proudest of the proud sero-nauts of the muse.

We, honoured Sir, are all working men, but though not like you, inspired with genius, we can appreciate that grand gift in others, and we honour you the more for the reason that while you devote your leisure to the divine art of poesy you do not disdain to enter also, like the gifted Robbie Burns, into the every-day work of the world, and to act the part of a co-worker with them who less provided than yourself " by natures " must perforce grovel on in the common walks of life.

We would not wish further to trespass upon your valuable time, which may be so much better occupied by us in listening to some of the specimens of your grand art, with which we humbly trust that you will favour us.

Desiring again to express to you our high appreciation of you, we are, honoured sir, your humble and admiring servants.

MAYOR JONES,
F. CARLETON, M. D.,
H. A. CONNELL,
G. W. SLEPP,
W. R. SNOW,
W. W. HAY,
J. T. GUNLEN,

G. W. VAINOUT,
S. SMITH, M. D.,
CHAS. McLEAN,
JAS. BAKER,
J. D. LAMB,
A. F. LAMDEN,
CHAS. O'DONNELL,

WOODSTOCK, N.B., March 15.

Daily News, St. John, N. B., 21st Feb., 1881.

AN EVENING WITH A POET.

A BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, BARD IN ST. JOHN—A GENTLEMAN AT THE AGE OF 45 DISCOVERS THAT HE IS INSPIRED TO WRITE VERSE—EIGHTY POEMS FINISHED AND 150 MORE UNDER WAY IN THREE YEARS.

“Have you seen the brilliant poet, Mr. John Brooke, of Brantford, Ontario, yet?” was the query put by a prominent merchant to a *Daily News* representative on Charlotte Street yesterday afternoon. The latter had not only not seen the gifted versemaker, but was also ignorant of the existence of such a person. “He is now at the new Victoria Hotel, and you should do yourself the honour of calling upon him.” After tea it was resolved to act on the suggestion. Calling to mind quotations from Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spencer, Moore, Longfellow and other poets, so that he might be able at least to show an appreciation of poetry while in conversation with the Brantford bard, the *News* representative went to the Victoria, and through the kindness of a gentleman of fine literary tastes who boards there, was introduced to the Mr. Brooke, in the latter’s room.

“Of course you will give an entertainment in St. John?”

MR. BROOKE—I fear I will not have time. Besides I am afraid that some of the reporters might copy my poems as I read them, which would be against my interests.

The gentleman who had introduced the *News* representative, and the latter himself felt that they were greatly indebted to the Brantford poet for his honest declarations regarding his ability, and his rendition of many of his poems. That a large portion of the public would greatly enjoy an entertainment of his readings

there can be no doubt. Toronto has the champion oarsman. Toronto may also claim the honour of being the birthplace of the inspired poet, Mr. John Brooke, and to the title of poet might also be added those of inventor, philosopher and elocutionist.

Daily News, St. John, N.B., 28th Feb., 1881.

PERSONAL.—Mr. John Brooke, the Brantford Bard, will be at the Victoria Hotel, to-morrow evening, and may be approached by all desirous of being introduced to his marvellous Muse.



KEY TO MY WRITINGS.

MAN what are you, following predecessor on—
What have you been ? I have been an infant baby,
A suckling child without purpose—
No mind, most helpless and without guile.
I was onward prest—a boy became ;
Castles in the air I built, and like the rose they wilt.
Manhood reached, more subtle then
With purposes that I a god would make
Of this body, that all would bow and worship it.
Presumptions, ambitions, a cooling draught is given,
Old age approaching, experience teaching,
I think “ what am I ? ” A man.
Purposes baffled, ambitions cooled, the ship is stranding.
What haven now, I submissive bow ;
I am tired, weary ; Father see the furrows on my brow.
In old age I will become weak like suckling child ;
Will have a mind, become like an infant babe again ;
Helpless but with guile—I will gasp, will sleep,
This body become inanimate,
The spirit fled to him my God,
The God of living and the dead.

DOG AND GUN.

ON the fifteenth of July, when the woodcock can fly,
I anticipate pleasure and fun ;
With gun by my side, my valet I'll chide,
For there's sport in my dog and my gun.
To the cover I go with heart light and gay,
Hear the whiz and the whir of many a cock through the
day ;
I cross the clear brook fringed with the willow,
Where the trout suns itself on its pebbly pillow,
When a whiz and a whir, then a snap shot.
Mark ! to heel ! what is that ? He is down, a woodcock ;
"Fetch dead," to my setter I quietly speak.
He nobly retrieves it, lays it dead at my feet ;
There is a charm in the whole as the game I do bag ;
My dog is delighted as his tail he does wag.
"Hie on !" then is spoken, faithful fellow obeys,
With eyes sparkling brightly he acts to my ways,
Advancing more careful as he scents in the breeze
The solitary cock that sits not on the trees.
Then he draws very steady as the scent becomes warm ;
Then stands as if adamant the game not to alarm.
"Toh ho" then is spoken in accent that's low,
Advance, back the dog, saying steady "Toh ho."
Ten feet from his nose up a woodcock will go :
Quick as thought to your shoulder your gun you must
bring,

Pull the trigger instanter, he must be shot on the wing.
India's riches cannot buy this pleasure with pelf,
It is not for sale, it is not bartered by true sportsmen for
wealth.

It is inherited by some, and that treasure they'll keep,
Until the day of their exit when they take their last sleep.
In honour it was born, to the honest is given
An inheritance here, a free gift from heaven.
No kid-glove sportsman can see it the same,
Imitation apes at it—thinks it's all in a name.
He buys guns, he buys dogs, he buys lines and fish-rods ;
While the true sportsman pities him and thinks what a
cod.

When to breakfast I go with spirits aglow, as happy and
bright as the sun,
Enjoy all the edibles the table affords, and think of my
dog and my gun.

A DAY'S WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

'Twas morn at peep of day—
I bounded from my bed, where oft I lay,
Beneath the Acacia trees you'll find my cot,
If honest you cannot miss the spot,
With trees around, above, below.
'Tis Acacia Cottage, white as the driven snow ;

A lawn surrounds it in an humble pride ;
All man requires is there supplied ;
Once o'er its threshold, contentment reigns within,
Index of that soul that knows no sin.
The green lawn and trees in natural beauty meet your
gaze,
The heart of man can feel how oft it strays,
As the sun's bright rays come peeping through,
Or the moon's pale light impresses you ;
They speak in words as clear as day :
Weak Mortal man, bow thy head and pray.
'Twas there I gave that whistle shrill,
Like magic appeared my noble setter, subject of my will ;
With joy he bounded to my side,
Obedient to my call with faithful pride,
His eyes they sparkled and seemed to say
"Command, my master, I will obey."
I stroked his head, and pleased was he
At sight of gun, game-bag and me.
Young Goodson is ready, my guest for the day,
With his pointer "Don," and I make no delay :
We are off to the wild wood ; 'tis there, it is there,
We find no deceptions or no worldly care ;
I am joined by an Indian, a warrior of his tribe,
His dog at his heels, his gun by his side :
We roam through the forest, the wild wood, the glade,
Where we find sunshine, beneath the trees we find shade,
Where the wild grass is growing in profusion and rank,
And the woodcock are skulking on the creek's bank.

The alders and willows are o'erhanging the stream,
The Indian and his wigwam all can be seen.
His squaw and papoose with no arts to adorn,
The forest, the wildwood, they are proud of their home.
In the pathless forest that Indian acts as my guide,
A warrior chief of the Mohawk tribe.
He leads us on where no paths can be seen,
Through a pathless place where path never hath been.
'Tis a meadow and borders a creek,
Where the willows a net-work as if barrier to make ;
Be careful, strange hallow, no liberty take,
The Massasauga most deadly his venom you'll wake.
That pathless place, late home of the beaver, where the
woodcock resort and are seldom disturbed,
And the rattlesnake's rattle is by them oft heard.
My guide he is careful, carefully steps and with caution
stands still,
Sounds caution's call, says " come here if you will."
With a nerve like iron, true as steel,
No coward's thought his heart could feel ;
His finger pointing to where that loathsome, venomed
reptile coiled did lay,
Ready to strike its fangs and make our life blood sluggish
and its prey.
No time for thought this well I knew,
As with lightning speed to my shoulder threw
My gun, and in that instant the vile serpent slew.
'Twas in a coil that venomed, loathsome reptile lay,
Basking in the glorious sunshine, the sun's bright ray.

Around it in profusion the wild grass growing,
In its deadly coil its yellow spots were glowing,
All ready to strike with fangs to send and bury deep its
deadly poison,

A death most terrible, the life-blood curdles, the body
becomes swollen, lost to reason,

But now that loathsome reptile's carcase lay,
Then lashed, then writhed in death, its deadly poison now
destroyed, none it hath.

Then my guide, that stoical Indian chief,
From his belt his knife he drew,

And cut off its tail, where ten rattles grew.

He, one of nature's specimens, soft in accent, stoical like
his race,

That shows no fear, no fear was on that warrior's face.

At that moment, yes, swift as echo's sound, mark a whiz
a whir,

We both, my guide and I, with eyes dilated, did not stir.

Entranced we stood with guns prepared,

Our dogs, Patricians, our excitement shared ;

Our guns, like lightning, both they flashed,

Like thunder sounded as both they crashed.

Both that stoical chief and I, astonished, stood amazed ;

Both missed our mark, a cock, and at each other gazed.

My dog, noble, faithful fellow, a Patrician bred,

Obedient at my heels, he dropped "down charge" waiting
the "fetch dead."

"Hie on" are the words with a waive of the hand

For we missed that cock—

These words "hie on" to him by me when spoken, that
good old pup

Cheerfully obeys, and more woodcock will put up.

We continue the sport because magnanimity we find,

Forget worldly cares, leave deceptions behind.

A serpent, that serpent, his carcase is rotting,

We go on with our sport, the horrible's forgotten.

"Mark," 'tis his bark, a cock he has flushed,

Bang! goes my gun as the bird onward rushed.

No. 10 in my gun, it is true to its aim,

Stopping his flight, making five brace of the same.

I now sit on a log half way 'cross a creek,

Take a pull at my pipe, making pleasures complete.

My guide, is working in a thicket close by,

My guest, Master Goodson, is to his pointer, saying "Hie
on," then "Don, hie."

Puff goes the smoke, from my pipe it goes curling,

"Mark," sounds my guide, as a cock goes whizzing and
whirring.

"Mark! Mark!" is re-echoed, as up pops another,

Bang! bang! goes my gun right and left, not together.

I said "fetch dead" to my setter, as fresh cartridge I put
in.

He retrieves them most beautifully, a brace he does bring.

Once more and again adding success to the sport

"Mark!" sounds my guest, a cock up to report;

"Mark!" sounds my guide on the other side of the creek,

Ah, that is the sport that a sportsman does seek.

I stand on that log, that brace cross near together,

I bang, bang, right and left, both fall dead near each other.
They are retrieved, then bagged, that game is the game ;
Head on the game list, " woodcock " is the name.

Now we take our back track with appetite rare,
Envy no mortal or Vanity fair ;
Our hearts they are light, and wealth don't desire,
As on nature we gaze the more to admire.
Our sport and the day are near at a close,
Our dogs and ourselves need some repose ;
Returning through those wilds where no paths can be
scen,

Sometimes on the hill-side, oft crossing the stream,
Now on the flats entangled with brush,
Our guide in advance, to my guest says " hush !"
And I on the hill-side, my guest by his side,
I thought of what venom this world tries to hide
As I look at them both, each with panther-like tread,
Hear the voice of that chief say " shoot off its head."
My guest in that instant, quick aim did take,
Pulled the trigger instanter and shot the head off the
snake.

In a moment the Indian drew his bright blade
And cut off twelve rattles " a trophy," he said.
Then onward we go o'er log and o'er creek,
More venomous serpents prepared to meet ;
Not oft are they met with in the greenwood, the wild,
'Tis a more suitable place for an innocent child.
'though numerous they are rarely to be found,

Where natural beauties luxuriate around—
You may find them in churches, in office of some kind,
In the rich merchant's store, a counter behind,
In places no doubt you least would suspect,
For they work on their victim with a great deal of tact;
As deadly their poison, more subtle their sting.
They approach you in disguise, "I'm your friend," they
 will sing;
They will suck out your blood, o'er your vitals will gloat,
For faith, hope and charity are to them remote.
They attack you through friends, with kind words they
 proceed,
And go to your foes to accomplish the deed.
In market, in street, with a smile on their face,
With treachery and lies the truth they'll misplace.
To carry out their full purpose dire,
They dare the truth and call it liar,
Assume with their ambitions weak
To dethrone our God and take His seat;
Such are those serpents in the human form,
And those called men and women who rest not night nor
 morn.
Beware! beware! you sportsmen true,
Give but one chance they'll strike at you—
They are in a coil, but kept at bay,
Truth, our motto, gains the day.

How easy for us with number ten,
To slay them all, all such men;

'Tis now near at an end, and happy each one,
As with joke and with jest we are all full of fun.
By that cot in the forest the home of our guide,
His wigwam, his castle, with papoose and bride ;
Altogether we join in a feast of our own,
The pleasures we find to the blessed are known.
The Indian, the warrior, and the Redman's sweet home
Is on the hill by the creek where it stands there alone ;
We enjoy there those luxuries wealth envies so much
Within their reach but afraid to touch ;
The dishonest cannot have it for there is a why
With India and its riches the despicable cannot buy.
Contentment the relish, no envy for sauce,
There's lots of it here as we carve up the goose.
No aggrandizing self with an intent,
No evils wish others on no evils bent ;
No deceit, no deceptions, no treachery to hide,
No Vanity fairs our actions to chide.
Happy in jest, chuck full of fun
Discussing the pleasures found in our dog and our gun.
'Tis contentment gives to us so priceless a treasure,
Each of us happy gives measure for measure.
The white man and Indian each to the other,
Each show their breast, 'tis brother meets brother.
Now we part with a brother, in pleasure not pain,
Contented we leave him, to meet him again.
Now we're off to that city on the Grand River's bank,
In its precincts is a place 'twas the ford of a Brant.
Tyendinaga he was known by as his Indian name,

In the History of Brantford you can there read his fame.
He was a warrior true and brave,
One of nature's princes, and would not be a slave.
Scars and wounds his dark broad bosom wore,
Insignia of the warrior in days of yore.
A British ally, a chief, a brave,
One of nature's princes, his country helped to save.
We are now in the city once home of that Brant,
Something smells here, it smells of foul cant.
Full of deceptions, with little, ah! little, of true honest
thought,
For they buy it and sell it and value it at naught.
All we find here is pompous array.
Empty pleasures, empty pleasures, how soon they decay.

THE TRUE HUNTER'S GAME.

I CAN tell you what is in that hunter's true soul,
'Tis noble, 'tis generous, 'tis good, 'tis prompt,
The hungry will feed without boast, without pomp.
He enjoys in contentment what nature has given,
Grateful to God for that Spirit from heaven;
Envies not wealth, for its honours don't care,
Longs not for a kingdom or vanity fair.
No envy he feels, no grasping desire,
As on nature he gazes the more to admire.

His heart's revolutions the blood pours through his veins;
It bounds, swells his chest and delightfully sustains
The true sportsman and hunter where'er he may be,
If on a throne with its pompous array, or in the woods
his glory you'll see.

No change in the hunter with wealth to command,
Or to the sportsman if on a throne he does stand ;
Integrity his watchword, that place he can fill
With truth and with honour test it who will ;
He is guarded in the forest, him no harm can befall,
Truth and honour his pass-word, stronger than adamant
wall ;

As a king upon a throne with power millions to sear,
Truth, his bulwark, surrounds him that ship safely to
steer ;

Not launched on the ocean his coffers to fill,
Or aggrandizing self assuming a will,
For contentment, true honesty, he treasures them there,
Though tempted by thousands he knows no fear.

Now a sportsman a hunter is wealthy, a king,
His truth, hope and charity does him happiness bring ;
Surrounded in glory all three in one,
A free gift to all refused to none.

Who would not be a hunter, a sportsman like this ?
If we shoot at our game sometimes we'll miss,
Try again, ascertain what is wrong, do what's right ;
Then take aim, pull the trigger, you will hit at first sight.
To be a sportsman, a hunter, quick aim you must take.
The game flying fast a miss you may make ;

Be steady, be firm, hope is strong in you yet;
Have faith and be charitable, the truth don't forget.
The joys of the sportsman are the great prize,
Coveted by the rich and treasured by the wise;
Now look back, see a sportsman in name,
And the thought we arrive at is "I was the same."
Encouragement give, for childlike is he,
Pleased with aping the great so were we.
Charity a principle and impression so good,
Think, act, 'tis integrity, commenced in the bud;
See his dog, noble specimen, with instinct so good,
Could he but read there I am sure that he would.
It is faith the true sportsman in every action can see,
His vanity he must conquer before he is free;
See his kids he takes off—off goes his coat,
He perspires very freely, takes fine silk from his throat;
He sees something, is studying, it's a dawning of hope,
Ah, he wavers, vanity, struggling, with it he'll cope;
See him look at his pants almost in dismay,
No legs 'bove his boots, all the rest torn away;
No kids, or no necktie, no coat can be found,
Hope brightens, he reads the cipher its glory shews round.
Onward he presses, relieved of the load,
He don't waver now he is on the right road.
The dog he is faithful, happy and gay,
While a boy hunter, his vanities are casting away.
Temptations, he cares not for, the world and its deception
He has deciphered the truth on mature reflection,
Now he's a hunter takes truth for his aim;

Pulls the trigger with firmness the prize he must gain ;
How steady he holds out faith for his gun,
Hopes in the sight, it is straight, true and plumb ;
Charity a strong supporter steadies his aim,
Faith, Hope and Charity are the hunter's true game.

TEMPERANCE.

'Tis something animal, animal body, man
Tries to describe, imagines, to carry it out he never can ;
His weakness or fanaticism impels him to speak ;
If it is inspiration, no matter, man is weak,
To show a weakness which no mortal dare deny,
Or on his deathbed will presume to say, " I will live or
die."

Our minds are then, ah, who can tell,
Ambition's gone, O Temperance, 'tis well ;
In sickness what man or mortal in life's short span,
Can or dare assert, " I have, I will be temperate, I am a
man."

Animal body, earthy earth,
Was it Temperance, was it Passion gave you birth ?
The care-worn look, that solemn thought of self,
Has it been temperate in search of pelf ?
Or thy temperance may have been a weakness, some
sceptic thought,

Memory fails, death claims us, our temperance then is
nought.

The weakness at that portal death,

Can man's boasted temperance give us life and health ?

'Tis not for man to answer man ; 'tis God's, His will be
done,

To say live or die, stay or come.

The cry from man is around me rally,

Join our band, and be our ally ;

Men will force, control man's acts,

Our acts are ours, we boast of facts.

Poor, not we, we speak man's boast,

Feel nothing, see nothing but a golden coast ;

Keep on we cry, keep on brave tempest wild,

All presumptuous, we wish we were a child ;

But still the voice proclaims our will

To gain a something—suddenly death claims us, we are
still.

The body in stillness meets our gaze ;

Man thou art intemperate in all thy ways,

In poverty, in wealth, in sickness and in health ;

Every thought, every act in life, not in death ;

Man's boasted power is wild with the thought,

A moment's life our power has never brought

From birth when our first cry was heard,

Innocence upon us a blessing then conferred,

And at death claims a majesty and a power,

To raise God's truth or spirit not to lower.

INTEMPERANCE.

AH ! can man describe the pangs of sorrow
The mind, the brain, excited animals borrow ?
What is it impels, controls our acts ;
In sickness, pain, our mind contracts ?
Habits of good will find alloy ;
Our brain conceives and will annoy ;
We feel the stings, and from whence they flow,
Chastening us where'er we go.
Unhappy, forgetful, anxious care
Stimulating to excess ; of it beware !
If in our youth it fires our blood,
At maturity, old age, 'tis like the flood—
Has a tendency to make reason wild,
Or simple as the babe, the child.
There is no way we can change our lot ;
In an instant the heart may stop ;
Indolence to excess is intemperance of its kind ;
Excitement, the same intemperance you'll find ;
Love of gain, in it we find the thorn,
Some inherit it when born ;
Love of self, in appetites, in gain.
All, all have weakness, but not the same—
Passions for a something, not controlled,
Differing in us all, we cannot withhold.
Fame in some controls, contorts,
Man is no judge of man's works,

Memory is a weakness if it tells
All our misery and excels.
Intemperance crowding on our brain
Produces an intemperance—a same—
If it is a love of self ;
Or be it power, show, or search of pelf—
'Tis intemperance, where'er a weakness is found,
Acts injuriously and doth confound,
Reaping always what is sown.
In sowing much you reap much, all will own,
And cannot change it at your will,
Memory wailing, crying, " Temperance be still !"
Fearful of ourselves, Nature to us kind,
Excess is surely weakening to the mind.
Body pleasures, comforts, all try to gain,
But God decrees and makes the end the same.

DESPONDENCY.

'TWAS, ah ! my thoughts, my tearless eye,
The pangs, the pain, the deep-drawn sigh,
A swelling bosom, my heart doth throb ;
What can it be but thy chastening rod !

O, spare me now those pains of woe,
Brains, O man, why is it so ?
Go back ~~thou~~ cannot—time goes on ;
Heaven is open to receive every one.

This spirit, then, no pains can know ;
 In peace, at rest, there is no more woe.
 'Tis God's, 'tis well, have faith above ;
 'Tis only thine, O Lord, a heavenly love.

Mercy, mercy, on thy will I am ;
 Forgive me a sinner, a sinful man,
 And make me feel like an innocent babe ;
 For life was given and death was made.

SLEEP.

THE moon's pale light through the shutters peep,
 Gentle repose in rest we sleep ;
 No trouble, care, or passion now,
 'Tis rest, sweet sleep upon our brow ;
 Not throbbing heart or wailing cry,
 To sleep, sweet rest, we all must die.
 Happy that mortal that in death finds rest ;
 Our body becomes inanimate, the spirit blessed,
 Our boasted self, or compound clay,
 Presumptuous man, what can you say ?
 A stranger to both birth and death,
 Boast not of riches or of wealth ;
 Our vain assumptions at death's approach,
 Do surely our presumptions there reproach ;
 Ambition's gone ; thy gold can't save,

The miseries of its curse did you enslave.
Youth's ruddy glow has passed and gone,
The gold and you are left alone,
The cheek 'tis blanch'd with fear,
No kind friend to soothe is near.
Gold that tempted with his glittering show
Cannot give us health or joy—no, no!
Nor can it purchase a noble mind;
Or change the course of moon or wind;
Or stop the fears, the pangs of bitter woe,
In any place, no matter where'er you go.

THE KISS.

THINK of past and pleasant bliss,
Young ladies, do not ask a kiss;
For your pouting lips and roguish eye,
I feel, I am sure, I can't tell why.

I think it is, it's pleasant
To boys and girls when no one's present;
Now the kiss, the passionate kiss, the kiss
To man and woman is transient bliss!
Then why not kiss and kiss again,
Have bliss upon bliss, 'tis all the same;
And who can tell what good 'twill do:
Let us kiss for love and passion too.

Passion, passion, passion's flower,
Woman, woman is the bower
Where all us men, we do propose
Without the thorn to find the rose.
If boys and girls, they kiss each other ;
They learnt the art from their mother ;
For when Eve kissed Adam 'twas all the same,
She kissed him again, till they raised Cain.
They say Eve old Adam did tempt,
And Adam, old boy, did not relent ;
For thus it goes, and it is no fable,
Adam kissed Eve, and they got Abel.
Cain killed Abel, but not with a kiss
Cain done wrong, and found not bliss.

Man will not kiss man, 'tis not his nature ;
But will kiss woman, passionate creature.
Woman will kiss woman to learn man the art,
Knowing all the time it a passion will impart.
And if, poor man, there was only one Eve,
All men would be Adams I certainly believe ;
And be tempted by her too, to get from her the kiss.
All the boys and girls are searching for that bliss :
Young men of fifty—bachelors so they say—
Selfishly construe it in another way ;
Lovely maidens in their innocence do not know,
Boys in their youth have told us so.
Old maids know nothing of the bliss,
Passion is exhausted, old maids never kiss ;

Passion to call love, is a mystery to none,
Love it is called by the most passionate one.
A lovely woman and a man
Enjoy the kiss whene'er they can—
And no one should feel a jealous spirit,
For all, you know, are sure to do it :
Kiss they will, all for one—
Get married, get old, and wish they were young,

DEATH OF "OLD SPORT,"

MY FAITHFUL SETTER.

POOR "Old Sport"
Will never report,
 Retrieve or hunt up the game ;
His lot was to die,
Who can tell why,
 Love in man is only in name.

His spirit has fled,
His body is dead,
 He did fight the good, the brave battle ;
He has no more care,
Nor our troubles can share,
 He is dead to the rattlesnake's rattle,

Faithful as steel,
My heart, it doth feel
 What faith I did have in the cover ;
In forests of wood,
How often he stood,
 More faithful and kind than a brother.

He has gone
To his home,
 To us animals unknown—
For both Science and Art
Have failed to impart —
 No matter where'er we roam.

Life is but short—
Poor "Old Sport"—
 Your bark will be heard no more ;
In the forest, the wood,
You would bark if you could,
 And hunt as in days of yore.

CHARITY.

DEDICATED TO MY SISTER, MRS. ALFRED WATTS.

A BEAUTIFUL trait and Heaven-born thought,
The genuine kindness in gratitude sought ;

Blest is the mortal that inherits the prize,
Rays of beauty surround them retained by the wise.

Charity, first, does surely adorn,
Glorious its rays in the human form ;
In action the blessings they give,
The body will die but their charity live.
Blessing the rich as well as the poor,
Its goodness will be known forever more.
Memory may fail and inconsistency repeat,
It is found where there is goodness in the humble and
meek ;

Extending to realm of goodness and love,
The greatest of blessings from Heaven above ;
Giving hope to the hopeless in honour and right,
'Tis gorgeous in beauty it shineth so bright.
The reward is received on Earth, while living,
A genuine password to our home in Heaven.
Kind feelings arise to one and to all,
Preparing us mortals for the Trumpet's first call.]
How generous the thought, bounteous the hand,
Magnanimous the mind, is emanating grand.
Victorious in acts, in goodness here,
At death Charity has nought to fear.

WORLDLY SYMPATHY.

OH sympathetic soul whose weakness grasps for strength,
Mute despair and carried to such length,
Seeking some boon companion like thyself,
Led by the nose in search of pelf.
Why such weakness ? it is in the coward's breast,
And never can be in the nobler and more blest ;
Think and act, accomplish, beware—
And where is sympathy—God only knows where ;
'Tis peddled every day from door to door,
Dear at no price, the unwary to allure ;
Used by Parsons under the Priestly garb,
In the Doctor's pills you'll find the barb ;
In the Lawyer's cases well defined,
He peddles it to the jurors' mind ;
And in his client's bill 'tis found 'tis interlined—
The Judge assumes with dignity he is blessed,
Jurors in breathless silence, gaping mouth, and hidden
crest—
Find sympathy, while then and there addressed.
The Chancellor in Equity, himself to please and aggran-
dize,
Deals it out to the Lawyers' position—pocket the size,
Impresses and decrees that he is all wise—
The late Premier submitted to the mass,
They gulped it down at so much a glass.

Discovered when late Protection is wanted not sym-
thetic Free Trade,

As sympathy politically is sympathy's tirade.

From beggar to king, poor and the great,

It is offered to all at a price if you'll take.

Sympathy meets sympathy to find out sympathy's weak
spot.

But woman, dear creature, sympathy's their what not.

TRUE SYMPATHY.

It is to feel the pangs of others' sorrow,

Feel, realize their pain, it delayeth not till morrow ;

Ennobling to the human heart, not in mute despair,

That faith in hope and charity, all is found 'tis there ;

Ah, bitter pains are sorrows gains, as strength to us is
given,

Sympathy is God's alone—an attribute of Heaven—

Of gorgeous beauty and a gushing light,

'Tis not in mortal, it is too bright ;

Animal body of this earth, a man

Beyond our grasp in life's short span ;

Controlling spirit this earthy earth,

Inheritance, death must follow birth ;

Mind, 'tis matter under spiritual control.

Thou cannibal or lion, man only has a soul.

Animal sympathy is love, its passion like
Exhausted, gratified, is but a mite ;
Ambition cooleth where sympathy reigns above,
Animal man's too blind to see a heavenly love ;
His appetites and wants, many doth he make,
In each and all alloys is sure to take.
Animal sympathy is pain where pain in others is by them
seen,
Unable from them that pain to screen ;
'Tis given us all a wise decree and writing on the wall,
Thou art a Man, an Animal, arrogant with all ;
Presumptuous weakness, bone, flesh and blood,
Attempting to make of thyself a God,
And lord it o'er the human race and all created things.
We know this is the case, 'tis Ambition's wings.
Sympathy is to us a selfish thought,
An act for sale too dearly bought ;
When given away 'tis nothing there but thought.
We vainly boast to get control—a power not in our reach—
Instead we ought upon our knees implore, pray, and
beseech,
That universal heavenly God.
Oh spare, in mercy, spare thy rod ;
What sympathy in our acts have we ?
Animals not knowing pains, but yet having them to see.
Then a sympathetic God behold ;
That sight imagination pictures, his purposes He does
withhold,

Man, a mortal, darest thou presume
A reason why He made the earth, heaven, sun, stars and
moon ?

His purpose is too glorious, His acts none can divine,
What glory in the heavens, or picture how sublime.
'Tis strange, man, his true nature tries to hide,
Deceives himself, exposes weakness and empty pride ;
Accountable to an unaccountable, as the heart revolves,
An infinite supreme, 'tis thy resolve ;

We know the truth, an inheritance to us given,
Attempting, weak mortal, to raise in it a foul suspicion ;
Man's body is responsible for his *acts*,
Ambition cannot shake a truth—*stubborn facts* ;

Old age, and death's approach,
Does, by God's will, our presumptions sure reproach ;
At death, oblivion, darkness to us men,
Brains, ambitious, presumptuous man, what then ?

A corruptible body alone remains ;

No spirit there its life sustains ;

Inanimate, clammy, cold it doth lay,

Truth alone must have its sway ;

No pains, no purposes, now the spirit's gone,

Animal body is left—'tis left for man to own ;

Embaln it in man's glory for a day,

Emblematical of his weakness, it must decay ;

Or if on funeral pile the body's burnt,

Man from man nothing good has learnt.

Truth alone to our God is known,

All, all is His, and His alone ;

That spirit returned to Him who gave,
In glory shines, no more a slave
Of passion, sweat, and blood,
Received again by Him—my God.

INFANT BABE.

INNOCENT Babe! thou art one of Nature's flowers!
Heaven protect thy innocence! it hath the power.
Delicate plant, ethereal blue the eye;
Heaven-born child, thy home's on high;
Thy innocence, a halo round you here;
No mortal but must thine innocence revere.
No tell-tale blushes on thy cheek.
Innocence, innocence in infancy we meet;
No care-worn brow, no aching heart,
Or coward look with treacherous art,
Has yet disfigured thy innocent cheek.
Thy babyhood, so loved, so weak;
An infant now, what may you be in life?
What power have we to change a pain or strife?
'Tis God's, 'tis well, His will be done,
To live or die, to say stay or come.
Babes and infants the parents were,
In sorrow born, the treasures there.

End, not beginning, we find rest—
An infant babe in death is blest ;
Is blessed to live, if blessings find.
For His we are, spirit-controlling mind,
His purposes from us mortals hidden,
The spirit—God's—must return to Heaven.

THE MISER.

THAT care-worn look, that furrowed brow,
That sunken cheek, 'tis withered now ;
Mind recalls thy youth again,
Old age can feel its weakness, pain.
Memory ! ah, the agony is here ;
No charity ! gold, gold I did revere ;
Circumstances made me what I am,
Bone, flesh and blood, a presumptuous man ;
Attempting to change my animal body,
That man might worship my gold, gold to me so gaudy

No change, alas, I see ; I think
I am no wiser at grave's brink ;
For those who are gone do not return
To animal body, or gold I'd scorn.
It is not what man's great aim should be ;
A greater aim is to relieve animal misery—

Wandering from our childhood, not consistent in a part—
O, animal man! where is thy heart?

Concentrated in the carcase when the spirit's gone—
Left, 'tis left for man to own.

Its corruption soon is hidden out of sight,
Forgotten in a day—this is man's might,
Controlling nothing on his onward course—

Where is gold's power or its resource?

Earthly kingdoms cannot perforce control
Destiny—destiny begins and ends the whole;

Destined to be born, destined for a day,
In cold, cold ground our bodies will surely lay,
Corruption, nauseous to sight and smell.

Man, animal body, no truths can tell;

Selfishness controlling all his acts;

Plausible in appearance, never stating facts.

Barefaced falsehood is reiterated o'er and o'er,

Trying in all his acts other men to allure;

Proposing to man what man should do;

But God disposes, sees us through and through.

THE BOY'S SECRET.

I WILL tell you a secret and of the girl that I love
She is an angel, a darling, a pet of a dove;
She puts her arms round me and kisses you know;
Then breathes in my ears in accent that's low;

Her dear little fingers, with my hair they are toying,
And makes me feel nice with her cooing and boying;
And then with her eyes, a beautiful blue,
She says "Johnny, my love, I will marry you."
I told her I would see, and my mother I'd ask
And if my mother said "no" my love's prospects she'd
blast;
And I guess my youth, it will outgrow the passion,
And I'll be a man up to the fashion.

NINE MILES FROM HOME.

WHAT is more pleasant than a day or two spent with a
friend in the woods full of fun,
Business cares left behind, many pleasures we find enjoy-
ing cold sausage and rum;
And a rain storm comes on and you're nine miles from
shelter;
Enjoying the change the faster it rains,
You indulge in a drop of the "cratur."
It pours down in a torrent;
We enjoy it I warrant;
A cold we don't take, we're so frisky.
We are soaked to the skin, for our garments are thin,
And enjoy a good portion of whisky;
The rain it is stopping, the rum is all gone,

The whisky's exhausted, and so is old Tom.
Is it not pleasant nine miles from home ;
No bread and no butter, we've drank all the grog,
Nine miles from home we start home for more prog.

A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

How careful should we always be ;
A word, an act done, spoken thoughtlessly,
May wound or hurt the feelings of another.
If spoken by a daughter to a mother.
Intentionally to wound by word or deed—
There is pain to both, the heart doth bleed,
Destroys a pleasure within our reach.
Thy chastening rod, Omnipotence it us doth teach
To bear with patience the petty trial,
Strengthening in us a self-denial ;
As onward pressed and by an unseen hand,
I fear not man nor Magician's wand—
Eternal spirit when it is thy will.
Recall me Lord, then the body's still,
No cares, no thought, ambitions gone,
The spirit will reach its heavenly home.

THE DROWNED TWINS.

ALONE my friend, with rod in hand,
At morn, 'twas peep of day,
On apron of the Holmedale dam,
While fish were there at play.
He, for his sport and exercise, was throwing bait, a spoon,
To catch a pike, a pickerel, a black huron just as soon ;
Intent he was upon his sport, no thought of evil there,
The sun just peeping through a cloud, he breathing the
 pure air,
And studying nature's beauties as his mind there is at
 rest,
He enjoys the breeze that's blowing softly from the west.

His heart like honest heart no treachery has to hide,
For Briton bred and born his actions truly guide,
As the water's gliding motion o'er the dam it leaps
With gushing sound it rolls away in diamond glassy
 sheets ;
With whirl and curl around the rocks it continues on to
 lake,
Increasing volume as it goes to swell Niagara's wake.
Niagara's roar, its rapids too, impelled, it reaches there,
And thunders o'er that precipice—look ! man, thy power
 is where ?
Or in that whirlpool lower down, ambitious man try and
 stay

Its whirling, curling. Ah! but for a day.
Or in some cave, or nook alone, thy weakness man can
 see,
Bow thy head and pray upon bended knee.
My friend alone, his thoughts, I picture to my mind,
Were honest, magnanimous, of an inquiring kind ;
'Tis not strange he thought what he and his friend had
 seen,
And wondered what it could have been,
As on the pier, his friend, my friend, a day or so before,
Admiring Nature's beauties the river looking o'er ;
When in a tone of startling thought suspicious of foul play,
They gazed into the river where the mystery there did lay.
A bag they see upon its pebbly bed,
It contained a pair of twins, cold and clammy dead,
Friend to friend they speak,
A horror picture to their minds and thought that man was
 weak
To try and bury, hide a murder from a conscience black
 with guilt,
A brother's blood upon his hands, a brother's blood was
 spilt,
Or that some mother here had killed and thrown her in-
 fant babe
To cover up a passion she thought she had betrayed.
A heavy weight kept down that bag, attached was string
 and stone,
Intentions that their death should not be known.

Few words were spoken by my friends as they turned
away and thought

Of homes and brothers, or something else, from horrors
they did walk,

And he my friend I speak of first determined to find out,
If full of gold or diamonds, infant babes or naught,

If a theft, or murder, either, honestly he did act,

And with a pair of sturgeon hooks he pulled out the bag
intact ;

And from that bag came oozing out a pinkish fluid red
Proceeding not from living thing, for they in that bag
were dead.

Carefully he lifts that bag; his mind not quite at ease;

Out drops a pair of twins they are, behold he sees—

His eyes they stare, his nerves are strung—that secret's
told again.

What evil and no good there is that emanates from man
Woman and mother, infant first, no guile or arts your
beauty spoiled,

'Twas innocence till girlhood's reached artlessness—all
evil foiled ;

But maidenhood approached then, arts and passions you
tried to hide ;

Deceived yourself most wofully it was a maid of pride.

Woman you become, and all virtues claim,

Wives and mothers, call it duty, duty all the same,

Grandma now when all arts have failed,

When I was a maiden, &c., how often tis said,

Innocence your girlhood knew,

You were artless, happy, had youth and beauty too,
Contentment made you happy, no sorrows or no furrowed
brow,

A bloom upon your cheek, but oh ! where is it now,
Your lips were then like peaches, a gushing, blushing pink,
Your feet and body then ? It makes all us men think
Of past and future body cares as arts and passions we try
to hide,

Deceive ourselves with unnatural things, death claims us
as its bride,

An infant babe again become so feeble and distress
And wish for death to claim us in it, then we are blest,
My friend, his friend and I, all three,
My eyes behold, my brain conceives, I think my friend I
really see.

With bag in hand, determined now
To know what murder or some plighted trow.

He not responsible for other sins, he dares
Shake out of that bag the dead in pairs.

For now two bodies there they lay,
Cold in death, swollen and in decay.

No animation, there, their tongues are still,
No pain, no cry, no tales unfold, ask them not who them
did kill ;

Their tongues ne'er lisped, could not say mother dear,
That pair of twins, yes twins they were ;

O think their eyes once beamed so bright,
They crept together with delight.

A mother, yes, gave them mother's care,

Both drowned in a bag her sorrows cannot share.
All science fails to bring back life,
Man is responsible for worldly strife.
My friend now stands, relieved his mind;
His brow is cooled with balmy wind;
For that secret now I must unfold,
Death is all our lot, to young and old—
My friend is standing o'er the dead,
Twins they were and nought to dread;
Accustomed now to stranger things,
There lay those bodies corruption twins.

THE GIRLS.

THEIR eyes are so bright
That they dazzle the sight;
I know that I'm not mistaken.
'Tis done for some fun
When 'tis begun,
Our passions they try to awaken.
All their airs and their smiles,
And woman's wiles,
Are done for the purpose of gain.
Do not forget,
It is a dead set,
'Twas done before Eve raised Cain.

So watch them, my boy,
If they are so coy,
And blush and look down at their toys ;
They want to mate,
'Tis always a trait
They use on us innocent boys.

TO THE LADIES OF CANADA.

FORGET not, fair daughters, generous, noble and true,
The land of your birthright or its blessings construe.
Look above in that space ; 'twas a powerful hand
Made it all ; yes, the heavens and this beautiful land.
This Dominion was given, a birthright from birth,
Rich in comfort and wealth, 'tis animal earth.
Glorious and generous we find in its yield
Your eyes sparkling brightly a power you can wield.
Blush not you fair daughters of Adam and Eve,
A greater protects you, thy God never deceived.
Your inheritance here the Great Architect has given,
A free gift the earth, an inheritance from Heaven.
The sun on its course, without mind but in power,
Mighty elements controls ; there is Order all o'er.
The waters, the moon, the stars and the sun,
On their course they continue, and controlled by One.
The sun finds its raising, at eve it must set,
Its rays they are glorious, and oft we forget

And boast of our Science, our Art and our power,
Death's approach make us change and we tremble all o'er.
Ambitious we are as we call it to mind,
No mystery presumptuous, we're all of a kind.
Generous daughters, our mothers, our sisters, our spouse,
The sun lights this fair land, this our beautiful house.
Lovely daughters of nature, the flower of our soil,
No stain is on this country, its venom we foil;
European kindness looks on with delight,
We are Britons and true, prepared to do right.
If a breath of dishonour, or an injury to our fame,
We hurl it back on the traitors who sully our name.
Forget not, loving daughters, the day of your birth,
Your youth and your beauty, your maidenhood's mirth,
The land of your nativity, Canadians' fair soil,
Rich in wealth and in health—here is pleasure, not toil;
Its laws they are strong, protective and true,
The dishonest or selfish cannot its superiority construe.
An emblem of royalty not written in blood,
Protecting all that are true and claim a home from our
God;
He has blest and has given to Canada's great worth
The best laws, best statesmen, best government on earth.
No matter what country or county you are from,
Canada is our birthright—here is our loved home;
Here all sects and religious nationalities find rest,
This dominion of ours is signally blest.
Manitoba, the key-stone of provinces so rare,
Invites all the honest its great blessings to share.

It is the land of the free, and the home of the brave,
'Tis Canada our home, none need be a slave.
It is here that the honest can feel it his home,
Respected, protected, his castle his throne ;
Our woods and our forests, our home the north-west,
In laws and protection our homes they are blest.
Fair daughters, our sisters, of the noble and true,
England's Queen is our mother, protecting us too ;
With our prairies around us we in wonder retrace—
Our God will protect us, protect Britain's race.
Our lakes and our valleys, our prairie, our land,
'Tis all ours, and was given us by a bountiful hand ;
The pastures by themselves so rich and so rare,
Vast, more extensive than any country elsewhere.
An undreamt-of dominion, illimitable in space,
Gives rest to our minds, and food to our race ;
Strengthening royalty, a bright jewel, in honour and truth,
Protects babes from the cradle, and men in their youth.
Her unexpected revelations, historical birth,
Her eastern seaboard's protection—here is no dearth.
An undreamt-of dominion, whose illimitable space
Confounds the arithmetic of the surveyors who have failed
it to trace ;
The explorer has not, with all science and art,
Discovered our wealth only in part.
A preface and prelude to her future exertions,
In honour and truth we have no coercions ;
Expanding a destiny, the power is in our God,
Glorious inspiration finds here not the rod.

The afflatus more imperious than history has told,
Rich in health and wealth of untold gold;
Forget not, fair daughters, teach the old and the youth,
Our country and its blessings, its riches, its truth;
Counting her past achievements, as but a child,
Manhood it is reaching, and will not be beguiled.
Protect, O protection ! that policy sure,
The law of our homes, our country is secure;
Our possessions protected, our resources will shower,
In sinew and wealth, in honour and power.
The peer of the world in our laws and our right,
Protection, our watchword, is our delight.
The first cry to our mothers, by instinct so mild,
Was, "Protect me !" "Protect me !" I am but a child;
With a fostering care, nature's laws did protect
This Dominion of Canada and government elect.
When a statesman, the Premier, his trumpet did sound,
See Canadians, true Britons, their enemies confound;
Like Niagara and its waters, a height they did fall,
In a whirlpool we find them nothing at all.
Hear their murmurings and grumblings around and
 around,
Sinking deeper and deeper like the whine of a hound;
Hurled from positions, from honours falsely obtained,
Filthy lucre they coveted—our country was maimed.
When our statesman, our Premier, did fight the good fight,
Grand victory upon victory, protection is right;
His battles he fought for Canada and her soil,
Her enemies o'erthrowing, disloyalty we foil.

“Up guards, and at them,” is a Briton’s command,
Victory is ours—on protection we stand;
Protect us from the cradle, sustain us to the grave,
And Canada, our great Dominion, will ne’er be a slave.
Great and glorious, our birthright let us Britons sustain,
Truth and honour our watchwords, protecting the same;
Let not the dastard or coward plebeian humbug construe,
Ask not our country to sustain them, an unblushing few.
Our country is safe from a treacherous race,
They weaken like the coward when met face to face;
They may live here on sufferance, and our laws must obey,
Protect us, be honest, and not go astray.
Blest with all comforts, they by our laws must abide,
Truth and honour our password, our dominion, our pride
Self is lost sight of when our homes are oppressed,
Canadians and Britons in our country are blessed.
Forget not, fair daughters, of the generous and true,
Noble principle, protection, is protecting you too;
And Canada’s fair daughters, with a motherly care,
Nurse our country in pride—her blessings you’ll share.
British hearts extend love with a fatherly hand,
Protecting our rights, our laws, and our land;
An emblem of beauty, rich, rare as can be,
Illimitable in space from sea to sea.
The peer in resources, God gave it birth,
A power not depicted of untold worth;
The kind hand of Providence sustains by his power
Truth and honour with honesty, dishonesty will lower
This country, the daughter of the free and the brave,

Our laws and protection, we will ne'er be a slave.
Our rights we'll sustain with honour and pride,
Old England fights for us—we fight side by side.
Our war-cry is heard from above,
Our country, our birthright, 'tis Canada we love ;
Our laws that protect us we will sustain with a will,
With the sinews of truth, the destroyer we'll kill.
The English, the Irish, the Scotch in their turn
Will find loyalty and truth so easy to learn ;
Protection is given to one and to all,
It is built upon truth—'tis Canada's wall.
All nations find here a motto, our test,
Truth and honesty, with loyalty, is always the best ;
Our God and our country we revere day by day,
What country or people can lead us astray.
The noble and honest can here worship their God,
Heaven's pillars uphold them, 'tis nature's green sod ;
Dispersed among the grasses are the lily, the rose,
The shamrock, the thistle, and the eagle's repose.
In Russia the bear hides himself, and does sullenly growl,
To his lair he retreats to hear the scream of the owl ;
In fear he retires and sucks there his paw,
'Tis serfdom, not freedom, like Canada's law ;
Freedom is a word Americans' great boast,
Our laws and our honour they want for their coast,
They are ruled by the glitter, their *glitter* of gold ;
Sharp in transactions, in enterprize bold,
Hospitality they give with a liberal hand,

And only boast of their country, of a freedom that's
grand ;

But Britons, true Britons this Dominion, our home,
Feeds your issue with truth, life, blood and bone ;
With integrity and freedom you land on our shore ;
The longer you remain you will like it the more.
Compare her with all, look on her past,
Her present, her future, her treasures will last.
Our sun at its rising is glorious and bright,
At the setting the same it is our delight,
Reflecting grand beauties, the colours of heaven.
The slave finds here rest, not by traitors is dreamt,
Sustained by a power us Britons can wield,
Truth and honour our passwords, old England our shield ;
Our Queen and our country this colony protected,
Great Dominion of Canada, we are the selected.
Heaven's smiles upon us, God prospers our youth,
Sustained by us Britons in honour and truth.
Canadians, true Britons, offer the honest a home,
To many princes and peasants our contentment's unknown.
Protected our right we find no alloy,
Great and glorious Dominion we want others to enjoy.
No matter to what country or sect you belong,
You'll add strength to our wealth, true Britons are strong.
Strong in your loyalty, you can here shew your might,
The autocrat scowl proves you are right,
And the bond of the bondsman you'll sever,
You're dependent no more, when once on our shore
Your heart will be light as a feather,

ANIMAL LOVE.

LOVE is passion cultivated, it does not improve ;
Gratify it, and it will remove,
Become affection, mournful duty then ;
All inherit it of animal kind, in man
Love is something controlling many of our acts :
Sexual, avaricious, self-gratification—these are facts
Known to all of the animal kind ;
Man, the higher order, in it a weakness finds,
Calls it duty, a motive, it is plain
In sexual intercourse or propagating of a race the same.
Only a cooling of a gratified passion,
Changed not to beauty, but a fashion,
Hideous, because the truth must be defamed,
And, with passion's tongue, " Love " it is named ;
Something like hunger, it returns—feed it, and it is
satisfied.

A positive I did like and felt gratified.
Or some other name affection duty to
Ease the passion, give it a name, 'twill do.
The gourmandiser may say when his paunch will hold no
more :

I am like my predecessors in days of yore,
I like my belly and my guts well filled,
It smacks of greatness, without it I'd die, be killed.
The miser's passion is his gold,
He starves his belly—it is controlled ;

He, lean and lank, he counts it o'er ;
He loves it, it is love, a passion, golden bower.
All, all have love, it's passion is sure—
Called love by the rich, passion in the poor—
Man inherits it when he is born ;
Animals of the lower order feel the thorn ;
Man explains, I love not myself alone !
'Tis only false, himself he loves, the only one.
The lower orders, natural to us they are,
They eat, regenerate, and passions have full share,
Instinct, reason, appetite, what is its name ?
We call it " love," tis all the same ;
The female dog, when its whelp is dead,
She tries sustain its drooping head.
The she-bear, her cry you'll hear,
When a danger to her cubs is near ;
He, her lord and master, the bear, he growls, tries to
 console with growls and grunts the other cubs in
 fear.
An appetite to gratify with pleasure he tries to find,
Love of self instinct teaches a pleasure of its kind ;
All affection for their young they show,
Some purpose of their own all do know.
The savage, he, with his untutored mind,
Finds passions, appetites, reason of its kind ;
And when his love or passions feel no wants,
In his lair he sleeps, or digests the love in known haunts ;
It is duty when he sleeps, or hunger passion wakes,
And of love he eats his fill, of duty it partakes.

The lion's roar is heard afar,
The hyena's scream, or jaguar ;
All sleep when tired, God only will wake when through ;
He is love, with Him, in Him, not with man—it would not
do.

Sleep with it gratified, we want a something else,
A something, says animal man, to please myself ;
The world may call it all kind of its foul cants—
A gratification to ourselves the world calls "love," man's
wants.

Sleep given to all, a natural want of animal kind in sea, on
land,

Given to us by a bountiful hand ;
Man, animal of highest order, is this love in us ? is it
duty ? an empty pride ?

Passion, a weakness in all animals, man only tries to hide,
And calls it something, a virtue tries to claim ;
Vanity trying to impress I am superior to animals the
same ;

A love of self control, it acts
To gratify passion's appetites. These are facts.
Then where is love in animal man ?

We know it not. Life's too short a span,
God is love, to die, death is sleep and certain love,
When all vitality, passions cease, and return to Him
above.

ON MY NEPHEW'S DEATH,—P. S. BROOKE.

AH ! death, decay of body, it is God's decree ;
Youth and beauty is levelled as I see,
Chastening those who are left to weep ;
Omnipotent, the spirit has returned it you will keep.
The body, earthy earth, how soon it must decay ;
What is it that mortals loved ; was it the cold, cold clay
Thy spirit has from the body gone,
And the body is left for man to own ;
Embalm it in man's glory for a day,
Emblematical of his weakness, it must decay ;
Regrets and sorrows we must bear ;
The spirit gone, the body has no care.
Blessed in death lovely sleep,
What is it, Lord, that makes us weep ?
Treasures to him are nothing now,
Through God he lived, I submissive bow ;
Wandering thought will sometimes yearn,
Thoughts given to us that we may learn
To wait with patience—our time will come,
Thy will, O Lord, not ours be done.
Not I, if I could recall to life
The body to bear this worldly strife,
If I could, would not call him back
Or thy decrees O Lord retract.
Thy will alone my God be done,

I pray thy kingdom to us come,
 Thy kingdom is our only joy,
 'Tis true, yes there we find no alloy,
 At rest, the body dust again become,
 The spirit has reached its heavenly home.
 No body pains or sorrows now the spirit's gone,
 'Twas God's, is God's and his alone.
 The spirit returned to him who gave
 In Glory shines no more a slave
 Of passion, sweat and blood.
 Returned to him our Lord our God,
 Imagination cannot picture—thou reignest supreme ;
 Holy, holy it is heavenly and serene
 To die, to sleep, the spirit from the body fled
 To him our God, the God of living and the dead.

OLD ENGLAND.

OLD England's right, her power and might,
 All honest men sustain ;
 That British law is righteous law,
 Her rights they will proclaim.

Her statute books inspired are written,
 Truth, honour, is salvation ;
 Decrees are given on mature thought,
 And govern that proud nation.

The autocrat must learn to govern
By justice given to all ;
Take England's motto for a guide,
'Tis stronger than adamantine wall.

Her flag it waves when, in the breeze,
A Briton's hand unfurled ;
Without a fear a Nelson spoke,
Where red-hot shot were hurled.
Sustained by brains and British oak,
'Tis known to all this world,
On British soil, on land or sea,
All that's true does venerate her true liberty.
She glories in her honour, and it is an honest pride.
An Irish born, a Wellington, his birthplace ne'er denied.
A Britain certain, England's glory, Napoleon's humble
pride.
A British heart, a Briton's brains,
And Irish blood run through his veins ;
A tower of strength, with British pluck, and a nerve like
iron,
In imagination picture it (Waterloo, by Byron)—
England's greatness no earthly power can test,
For she rights the wrongs, and learns with all that in it
she is blest ;
An all-wise power her destiny holds subject to His will ;
God prospers her, in trust sustains ; may He sustain her
still ;
His, her laws protect our all on earth, for He is only king ;

Canadians ! British hearts can prove its truth, "*Honour has no sting.*"

English pluck and Irish nerve, her subjects know no fear.
That blessing honour supports her cause, it's proof to all is clear.

On land it was a Wellington, a Nelson on the sea ;
The King of kings sustains her—it is His sure decree—
Honour is her stronghold—proud nations know what she can do,

The Emperor Napoleon tested it's truth at Waterloo.

If a wrong she has to right,

She matures her plans with generous might ;

Her lion roars, prepared to fight,

Her cannon's bark is their delight,

And enemies, they are put to flight.

Oppression's changed to Freedom's cheer ;

Worship God, Him only fear.

Honest men and honest hearts join hands at her success,

Their tongues a trumpet of their hearts' shout. "England's Queen, God bless."

TO THE GIRLS.

GAY beauty, with your roguish eye,
I'm sadly sold, I can not tell why,
Sometimes I think I feel a care ;

Then so joyous everywhere,
Young and younger like to flirt,
But the old girls always mend your shirt ;
And if it was not for them
What would become of us poor men ?
Why ; mend our own would be our lot,
Surely, now I have not forgot,
For if it was not for them
Man, O man, there would be no men.

TO MY SON, HENRY SHERWOOD BROOKE,

Be kind and be good, tell the truth, don't forget,
Be prompt and be honest, and happiness you'll get,
In honour it was born, to the honest is given
An inheritance here, a free gift from Heaven ;
You are heir to it, my son, guard it faithful and true,
Gold cannot buy it, or its blessings construe ;
Integrity your password, sustaining you still,
With truth and with honour any place you can fill,
And happiness, my dear son, will be the great prize
Coveted by the rich and treasured by the wise,
And you will enjoy in contentment what nature has given
Grateful to God for that Spirit from Heaven.

THE BRIDE.

How pleasant it is to be a bride of him that's kind to you,
The honeymoon will pass away, no matter what you do ;
An unkind word may sear the lives of many,
Of the husband and wife—babies too, if any.
Old maids have said they're sure it's true,
Tell of their offers a score or two,
Made to them when they were young,
By gentlemen rich and handsome ;
But the unkind word is remembered well,
And the true story they won't tell.
Old bachelors silent, secluded too,
Won't tell the truth ; it would not do,
It would expose a weakness of their own,
And all would know they live alone
Because that unkind word both whispered loud ;
One was meek, the other proud,
And now their lives are but a myth,
They live alone, none other with,
Wandering from door to door
With sayings and doings a perfect bore,
Drop in at a time when the babe is cross,
Throwing out hints "if I were boss"
Wouldn't I, &c., yes I would,
Retract the word if I could.
How dreadful it is to live alone
A pet cat and a dog sharing your comforts at home.

The cat will be told the word that they said,
That made them unhappy old bachelor, old maid.
The husband and wife—the father and mother,
That promise you made to live for each other,
And if bye and bye you discover too late
Be kind to each other if you made a mistake.
The old maids and old bachelors are right not to tell,
Only a cat or a dog, that is all very well
The secrets with the cat no one can know.
Mistakes will happen all the world through,
Make the best of the worst and a pleasure you'll find.
Do not get angry, always be kind,
You will feel then that duty receives its reward,
And enjoyment will come, it try not to retard;
If you feel jealous it's a sign of your love,
Pray for strength to support you from heaven above;
If your husband is jealous the same prayer will do,
And an unkind word remember it too.

JOHN (MYSELF) AS MY VALET.

THE lawyers have cares, others' troubles to settle
And send in a bill that taxes your mettle.
A doctor is sent for, and adds bill to your pill,
Keeps you so sick that you wish him in——your will.
The parson comes round you by fooling your wife,
Under a cloak of religion—says “its heavenly strife,”

And if sick enough of the cares of this world,
He says "give to the church or to — you'll be hurled."
Then the wife she says, "John, the doctor despairs,
Subscribe to the church, forget worldly cares."
John the Valet is here, while all this is going on,
And thinks, master, you'll burst, you're so fat and so
strong;
Let us off to the greenwood, the swale and the brook,
And read truth, not deceptions, from Nature's true book.
The dog we bring with us is faithful and good,
He will hunt up the game from the swale, brook and
wood;
Not forgetting the gun, for it's true to its aim,
The fault will be ours if we kill not the game.
Ho! ho! is the call, its echoing sound
Exhilarating the body, the heart will rebound;
And happy the mortal whose magnanimous mind
Sees God in the wood, hears God in the wind.
It is then we will find no deception, no cares,
No doctors, no lawyers, no parsons with prayers.
Our company select, the world's deceptions disdain,
We will be as happy as Adam before Eve raised Cain.
John the Valet is correct, it is true,
No plebeian humbugs can change his view;
Truth, honour, the guide-star is given us still,
With Adams and Eves to mould Cains to their will.
We must off (John the Valet and me we are one),
Temptations we spurn and trust dog and gun.
The green wood God made and the clear running brook,
Truth alone, no deceptions, we read from that book.

KILLING BLACK BASS.

How oft I've met my friend on his sport intent,
With rod and line, and minnows' net to dip his bait, all
bent.

His stride is measured, like monarch he goes forth,
A master of the art—of its pleasures knows the sport;
That exercise in walk his mind enjoys, the rest,
Luxuriating o'er anticipation's thoughts as the sun sets
in the West.

Or in the morn before it peeps, systematically he proceeds
To catch the pike that on the little fish do feed.

Oft pickerel, with a lunge, upon his spoon

He hooks beneath the pale light of the moon.

The bass, a game fish, oft tries to gobble up his bait,

Discovers, yes, when hooked it's just too late,

As he plays him with a master hand and lands him on
the bank,

Forgetting in excitement rare the world, the world's foul
cant.

He then with pleasure drops that fish with pride

Into his basket, very coolly, by his side.

Then with pole and line he throws that spoon—a tempt-
ing bait;

A five-pound pickerel meets the bass's fate;

His pole it bends a half-moon then, that fish he is sur-
prised,

As darting through the water quick, he turns upon all
sides;

He runs full length of line and rod, the water rushes
through,

In fear or rage is desperate, or something equal to.

He from the water gives a leap, and shakes determined
there,

To loose the barb that's in his maw, while suspended in
the air ;

Then down he goes full depths the river,

And rises again to go down there and quiver ;

With plunge he goes, the waters splash,

He must die if the pole don't smash ;

He goes, then comes, and tries to shake

From his maw that glittering bait.

My friend, a sportsman true, in fishing takes a pride,

And taking pleasure in giving pleasure, his bait with
you'll divide ;

See, with what a master hand he guides that fish spank
up on to the dam,

Into his basket he slips him, as quiet as a clam ;

No craving appetite controls his sport, or love of gain
destroy,

That hobby of a sportsman true in it finds no alloy.

Unlike the grasping envious fool that imitates or tries,

Whose heart is black with treacherous acts, his tongue
with venom lies ;

With conscience seared, attempts a pleasure here to
find,

He knows it not, 'tis not his lot, 'tis not suited to his mind ;

He turns away a millionaire with envy at his heart,

His conscience searing all his acts, he acts the pompous
part ;

He meets some friend just of a feather, and each concoct
a plan,

To try and buy with pelf the pleasures of an honest man.

They would rob a true man of his fame,

With oily words they fish around, think all is in the name ;

They always fish in stockings silk, with diamond bait
and rod,

A sportsman true can read them through, and think, O,
what a cod !

With all their wealth at their command,

They want, they lack, the master hand.

How different with my honest friend—to him a pleasure
great,

At three or four, at peep of day, to the river he makes a
break ;

With pure air his lungs are filled, enjoys the exercise,

The blood his veins goes coursing through, joy sparkles in
his eyes.

I have fished by his side near the slide on the dam,

With diamond and gold it had proved so successful for
man ;

With glass bead below spoon, a broach above hook,

A black bass, he strikes it, and is at once brought to book

Imitation gold, and the diamonds were glass,

The identical thing that fooled that black bass ;

My pole at once bends, the line tight and straight,

I knew 'twas a large one, I knew from its weight ;

For here it would be, and there it would go,
Up stream and down stream, and round like an O;
I remember, I thought, that my friend he had said,
That the spring of the pole would kill the fish dead;
Upon it I acted, then I did right,
Held my rod with firmness, kept my line straight and
tight;

For that bass in a moment showed his game,
Leaping out of the water again and again;
Then down he would go to the bottom so fine,
My pole it would bend as he tested my line;
At length he pulled lighter, my pole began to straighten,
Each struggle I felt the bass it did weaken;
I start off to land him, a heavy dead weight,
Caught with glass and with brass discovered too late.
How different when diamonds and gold are grappled by
man,

The bass acts the wisest, gets loose if he can;
Man starts to gobble it, saying it is mine,
Forgetting that God holds the pole and the line.
It is gold and it's diamonds, imitations they glare,
In the genuine there's a barb, true sportsmen beware;
That bass thought them real, and for them he went,
Discovered when hooked no time to relent.
If that bass he is happy with diamonds and gold,
I pledge you my word I am awfully sold;
My friend's near the pier, I the bass am now guiding,
The fish slides between us as down the water is gliding;

Once past that slide the fish I can land.

I am up to it now, in a quandary I stand ;

So I yell and I bellow, and scream very loud.

My friend he looked round, thought my hooks had got
fouled ;

I made signs and beckoned him to give me a hand,

With the art of a fisherman that bass he did land ;

I reached him o'er the slide my pole and my line,

Both have changed hands just in time ;

Had I attempted to wade through the water, or jump o'er
that slide,

I should have cooled my ambition and humbled my pride ;

For slip I would certain if attempted to wade,

And to jump o'er it, no sir, not I, roving blade.

Now see my friend guide that fish direct to the bank,

Does it like a fisherman, him I do thank ;

Magnanimously he told me yes, 'twas the truth,

Make it pleasant for others, both the aged and youth ;

For contentment's not found where there's real diamonds
and gold,

They that think so and have them, like the bass may be
sold.

THE BREEZE.

THE soft and balmy pleasant breeze,

We feel it come, but no one sees,

From where to where, no one knows

From whither it cometh or to whither it goes.
What is it so controls man's acts,
Fear, or air, or stubborn facts ;
Is it a want of purpose, a doubtful mind,
Presumptuous ignorance, can it be wind ?
Ah ! answer moonlight or sunny day,
The morn and eve all pass away ;
And when man gives us reason why,
Time passeth on—it passeth by.
No good we do, nor can we say
That the sun must rise another day ;
But look, thou man of boasted strength,
You cannot increase your days in length.
The sun, when rising to our sight,
Shows rays of beauty and of light ;
At evening setting—so gorgeous to our view—
Makes man remember who is who.
Glorious sunrise, beginning of the day,
A lovely sunset so gorgeous has passed away ;
Darkness comes, with hope and fear,
To conscience of us animals here.
Hoping to see another day,
Our thoughts are fleeting and will not stay.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

OH, innocent maid, how artless too,
With eyes so sparkling and so blue ;
Health's ruddy glow upon thy cheek,
Thy innocent smile all must greet ;
The ruby lips, the gentle smile,
A loving daughter all the while ;
Gentle, innocent, artless, too,
Always protected by the happy few ;
Lovely innocence, a glorious shroud,
Sin is beneath thy smile so easily cowed ;
But still we all must suffer here,
And bear with trials everywhere.
Our lot is such that pain and woe,
'Tis found, no matter where e'er we go ;
The tender plant, the loveliest flower,
Decays—then dies in sylvan bower ;
A lovely flower, of beauteous form,
It's culture rare, can it meet the storm ?
Healthy now, with sunny glow,
Can it brave the tempest, or cold, cold snow ?
'Tis thus far grown with generous care ;
But of the cold, cold blast, beware, beware ;
The chilly winds from northern pole,
May penetrate and kill the noblest soul ;
Tender plant, how lovely now,
No storms or winds have made thee bow ;

With promise and with pride we gaze,
Innocence, innocence, we are in a maze.

AN IRISHMAN ON SEEING MRS. BATES, THE
GIANTESS.

A LOOK doubtful he gives on approaching to where she
stood,

His thoughts no doubt were honest, that they would
“*desave*” him if they could.

He pushes through the crowd and around he gazed ;
And when close to her he, astonished, stood amazed ;
His mouth wide open, wonder pictured on his face ;
An Irish heart is warm, 'tis warm in every case.

She speaks, he starts as if from a dream

And exclaims “you’re the biggest woman I ever seen.”

She smiled, he looked enquiringly from head to feet,

Steps cautiously forward and by her takes a seat ;

Then he nudges her lightly her confidence to get

And thinks in his mind I am not deceived yet.

He feels then her arm to dispel any doubt ;

She smiled on him pleasantly saying, “you think I am
stout.”

In a moment can be seen more of confidence now,

His Irish heart bounding, his face all aglow,

His eyes, they are sparkling as he moves from his seat,

Drops down on his knees to have a look at her feet ;
She puts out one foot with a dignity and grace,
He looked up with a smile saying, " It is not so pretty
as your face."

Another smile from her then gave Pat a good chance
And gently he commenced to make an advance.
He took hold of her foot with an Irishman's care
"It is *rare* , it is *rare*, as sure as I'm *hare*."

The giantess dispelled all his doubt,
Took a step forward and walked gracefully about ;
Then Patrick convinced that vitality was there,
That 'twas real flesh and blood, the more he did stare.

In retiring at last and half turning round
He starts, gives a yell, and then gives a bound ;
A rush is made round him curiosity controls,
Each curious to know what is in that man's soul.
Like a maniac he stares, like a statue he stands,
A picture of horror while clasping his hands.

The giantess stands still with a dignity rare,
No smile on her face, but a sorrow, a care ;
For when reason's dethroned who can picture how sad,
None can realize the feelings of those who are mad.

The maniac's scream once heard ne'er forgot,
Grateful feelings arise that it is not our lot.
Patrick seems crazed with astonishment and fear ;
Every word of this poem is true so I hear.

Pat does not die he recovers again,
And standing five feet eight and perfectly sane.

A reason he gives for the weakness he showed,
And apologizes to the giantess for apology he owed—
“That yell and that bound, ma’am, was caused thro’ fear,”
Two enormous snakes in a box made it perfectly clear,
’Twas astonishment controlled him, under impulse he
acted,

The thoughts in his mind nearly set him distracted.
He approached the giantess in humble disgrace
Not knowing what to say as they stood face to face ;
He stands, then he trembles for a moment or two,
Attempting, or trying something to say or to do ;
He becomes pale, then weak, then red by turns,
And pointing at the snakes, exclaims, “Holy Moses, ma’am,
did you pass them worms.”



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